St. Charles Seminary

THE

Commonweal

"Elected Monarch"

THE POWER OF THE PRESIDENT

by Victor C. Ferkiss

Suez Crisis

RUMORS OF WAR

by Michael P. Fogarty

The Little Magazines

GOLDEN HORIZON

by Joseph M. Duffy, Jr.

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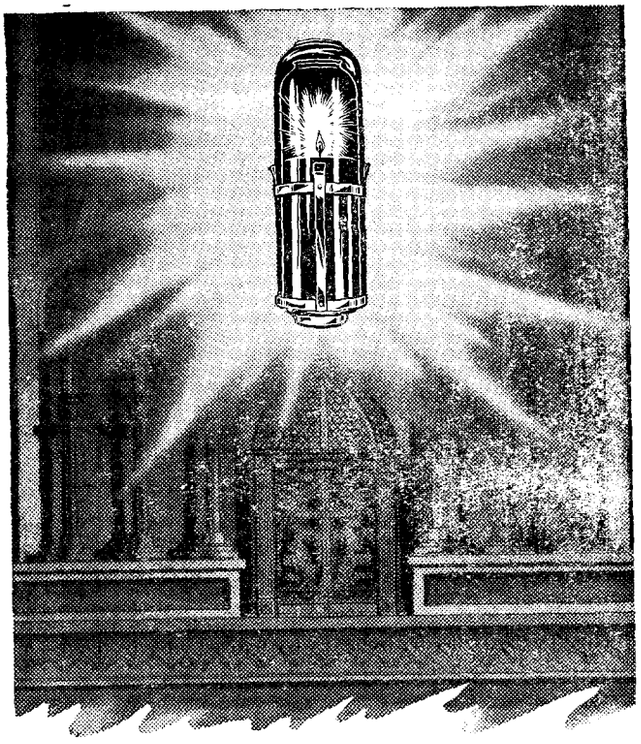

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

MR. EISENHOWER AGAIN

POLITICAL CONVENTIONS must leave us cold. Last week we complained about the gathering in Chicago. Since then, the Republicans have had their turn, and, although they avoided most of the pitfalls into which the Democrats fell, they—or George Murphy, who stage-managed the affair—created some new ones of their own. The proceedings in San Francisco were certainly more orderly than those of the Democrats, but they reminded us of nothing so much as a gigantic, four-day singing commercial.

What the Republicans have to sell, of course, is Mr. Eisenhower, and at San Francisco they proceeded to sell him with all the considerable vigor at their command—so much so, in fact, that the Party itself at times almost disappeared from sight. Ike is the sizzle on the GOP steak, and in the best advertising tradition the Republicans are clearly going to concentrate on selling the sizzle.

This procedure may strike some onlookers as dangerous, since the Party's chances now depend exclusively on one man. But it makes good political sense nonetheless, unless Mr. Eisenhower's health takes a turn for the worse between now and November. Without Ike to head their ticket, the Republicans have since 1952 lost a whole series of local elections, and in 1954 they lost control of Congress. Republican leaders are clearly wise in counting on the President to pull the ticket to victory in November. If he can't do it, it can't be done.

In his acceptance speech, President Eisenhower again refused to engage in what he would call "personalities" or partisan in-fighting. In doing so, he provided another reminder of his great contribution during the past four years. For during that period, by his own personal magic, he has successfully muted the sound of squabbling and carping; he has largely eliminated the bitterness —personal, regional, and class—that had been poisoning the political atmosphere in the years immediately before his election, and for this all should be grateful.

Yet, if Mr. Eisenhower's acceptance speech was once more free of bitterness or personal attack, it must also be said that it bore remarkably little resemblance to reality. It was an excellent statement of his personal aspirations, not a record of his Party's accomplishments. And it is ironic that it was wildly applauded by many who have not the slightest interest in translating his principles into a practical, going program.

TO OUR mind, the most important points in the campaign are those which involve national defense, foreign policy, and the choice of the most effective means of combating international Communism. These, we think, are the key issues, not in the sense that they will necessarily decide how people will vote but in the sense that our national fate and that of the free world hangs upon the answers to these questions.

We were dismayed at the stress on peace at San Francisco. Mr. Eisenhower's great advantage in foreign affairs has been that he enjoyed a freedom of action that few other Presidents could have hoped for. He was able to make a peace in Korea that would have led to Mr. Truman's condemnation as an appeaser. But from all appearances much of the campaign ahead is going to be based on the fact that "he ended the war in Korea."

Mr. Eisenhower has been successful in easing international military tension. But, although the existence of the H-bomb made such relaxation in the military sphere necessary if we were to avoid

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a fatal, all-out nuclear war, we do not think this country has since then turned the necessary amount of energy and money into the political, diplomatic and economic warfare that is now more essential than ever.

We were critical of Mr. Eisenhower's statements and conduct in relation to the Soviet Union before Geneva, at Geneva, and after Geneva. We continue to think that important policies of his Administration in relation to the threat posed by the Soviet Union are open to serious question.

Mr. Eisenhower is undoubtedly ready to defend his record; he is clearly ready to say that the U.S. is doing all that is necessary. Certainly, if one can judge by the polls, millions of Americans agree with him. We do not. The Eisenhower Administration claims that the credit for what is called "the Soviet thaw" belongs to its successful foreign policy; we think, on the contrary, that the Soviet Union has simply shifted to policies which are more productive right now than naked aggression would be. We think our international position is seriously deteriorating; our alliances are weakening in Europe and in Asia, and the Soviets are now preparing to reap great gains in Africa, Asia, and the Middle East.

We say all this, conscious that many will not agree and that these matters are in the area of legitimate debate and disagreement. Before the conventions it was our hope that the two candidates would argue the question of foreign policy thoroughly and honestly, so that the nation could then decide which of the candidates and parties offered the stronger hope of dealing effectively with the threat posed by international Communism.

That is still our hope. But a Republican campaign largely based on the theme of "peace in our time" could dash that hope and, in our view, seriously mislead the American people about the prospect this nation faces in the years ahead. That should not be allowed to happen.

NEXT WEEK

FRANCOIS MAURIAC discusses certain obstacles to his country's high calling in the world.

"Louis XIV, I imagine, read the Sermon on the Mount without flicking an eyelid while his soldiers were putting the Palatinate to fire and the sword. And we ourselves, not only those who were in positions of power, were reading the Beatitudes no less devoutly while blood flowed in Madagascar and Indochina."

TIGHTER CREDIT

THE OVER-ALL American economy is a vast and intricate complex with important sensitive areas and many ramifications. Most of the time its non-farm segment appears to be self-governing and able to operate within certain confines without government hindrance. Washington can step in and modify taxes and credit rates either to curb a bad slackening off of business activity or to halt headlong inflation, either of which might land this country in another depression.

With prices advancing steadily for six months and the dollar having fallen to its lowest purchasing power in history, the Federal Reserve Board has been constrained to raise the discount rate for the sixth time in the past sixteen months. As a result, businesses or individuals are finding it harder and more costly to obtain the loans they require. Commercial banks are being urged by the authorities to frown on loans for business expansion, new ventures and "marginal enterprises" at this time. Expenditures already made for the purpose, and the insatiable demands of American business for further funds for expansion—at a time of rising prices and labor and materials shortages—have led to this latest step. Many of our business leaders seem to be too optimistic under present conditions for their country's good.

Although the latest curbs on credit are not supposed to interfere with normal borrowing for short-time business needs, they will do considerably more than serve to check the over-expansion that is feared. One of the first to suffer from "tight money" conditions is the individual borrower with acute personal needs. There is some indication that under present conditions his chief difficulty will not be in paying the bank more to obtain the money but rather in securing any loan at all. The funds now available for credit are severely limited. Inability to borrow is particularly painful when record living costs tend to strain family budgets to the utmost.

Moreover, interest rates on home mortgages have advanced to six per cent for the first time in a number of years. It is also harder for prospective home buyers to obtain mortgages at all, especially when the house they want is not of the present vintage. The tight situation in the mortgage field tends to slow down recent progress toward meeting chronic housing needs in many parts of the country.

Another area where tight credit makes itself felt most acutely is in state and municipal finance. Last year, despite increasing local taxes, our non-federal governments fell three billions short of

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making ends meet. At the same time they are forced to plan new schools, new hospitals and new highways to meet the needs of their steadily growing populations. Many of these essential projects will have to be abandoned if the required funds cannot be borrowed.

For reasons such as these it is hoped that present restrictions on credit can soon be eased or modified. The checking of inflation is admittedly of paramount national importance. But cannot this be done without curtailing the reservoirs of credit available for normal business and personal needs? Cannot new and speculative ventures be discouraged, without making other borrowing difficult in the extreme? It would seem that anti-inflation instructions to banks could be even more selective.

THE ROLE OF DOGMA

ADDRESSING the annual University of Colorado Writers' Conference, Philip Wylie, the well-known American author, lashed out at what he regards the baleful effects which religious dogmas have had upon the course of human history and the development of culture.

"The man who sets forth dogmas," declares Mr. Wylie, "does so to convince himself that he will be immortal and go to heaven if he carries out certain actions, and go to hell if he doesn't. Actually, the lower animals have the right practice on immortality. They practice it by the projection of themselves into the future through the attempts to improve their own offspring."

These and other remarks make clear that Mr. Wylie is availing himself of the dogmatism of the non-dogmatic: he is assuming as his definite and authoritative tenets that all religious dogmas are man-made, that they spring from one impulse within the human psyche—the desire for immortality—and that lower animals are adept in the practice of eugenics. In analyzing these dogmatic assertions of Mr. Wylie, one is reminded of the verdict which George Bernard Shaw once passed: "The famous dogma of papal infallibility is by far the most modest profession of its kind in existence. Compared to our infallible democracies, our infallible medical councils, our infallible astronomers, our infallible Parliaments, the Pope is on his knees in the dust confessing his ignorance before God."

In fairness to Mr. Wylie, however, it must be pointed out that some of his later remarks to the Writers' Conference offer more of a challenge to the Catholic. For Mr. Wylie seems to have Catholic dogma particularly in mind, and his major complaint against it is that the acceptance of dogma seems to immobilize society by rejection of "the right to doubt, to criticize and debate."

It is not enough, to refute Mr. Wylie, to point out that acceptance of religious dogmas results in true intellectual freedom, rather than in either intellectual servitude or lassitude. Nor is it enough to point out the liberating influence upon society which can be exerted by such dogmas as the unity of mankind and the Incarnation. These things are all true, and yet do not fully answer Mr. Wylie's objections, which are based, not upon real theological or philosophical grounds, but upon a reading of history which, while obviously limited, is not completely inaccurate.

For while modern history records that the Church has grown "like the mustard seed," it does not record a similar growth and penetration of the Church as a leaven, a dynamic force in human affairs. The reasons for this are many and obvious, but this fact does not absolve the contemporary Catholic from the attempt to "reverse history" and present the Church to the contemporary critic as something other than the repressive, reactionary monolith he so often conceives it to be.

Certainly the times are propitious for such a "reversal of history," particularly in America, where the Church is no longer on the defensive and forced to spend much of its strength in propaganda or polemics. The present challenge, and the opportunity, lies largely in the practical order. There is a growing need for the laborious spelling out of the dogma of the unity of mankind into slum clearance, human housing conditions and fair employment practices. There is need for studying the implications of the Incarnation in our attitudes toward science, the problems of national security and the conduct of foreign policy. There is need, in short, of demonstrating the essential dynamism of Catholic dogma.

NEW SOURCES OF OIL

IN THE MOMENTS after the initial shock resulting from Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal, a great variety of schemes was advanced to assure Europe's vital oil supply. One of the most fantastic was to build a second canal, parallel to the Suez to the East. This would of necessity have to be considerably longer than the Suez and parts of it would have to be cut through mountainous terrain; the cost would have been terrific, the time required

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incalculable. Another proposal was greatly to increase the pipelines traversing non-Egyptian territory. It was further suggested that many idle American tankers be reactivated for the longer route from the Middle East to Europe around the Cape of Good Hope.

Development of the oil resources of Latin America was among the more reasonable suggestions of those who fear that Egyptian control of the Suez would permanently threaten Europe's supply of oil. It is a possibility well worth looking into regardless of the crisis generated over the Suez. But that crisis has greatly stimulated interest in the oil potential of the other Americas. Even here the practical difficulties are immense.

To begin with, many of the largest of these potential oilfields below the Equator are highly inaccessible. From the promising jungle area East of the Andes in Peru, for example, a five-hundred-mile pipeline would have to be built over these towering mountains to get the oil to the Pacific Coast. The extensive Amazon basin involves other obstacles resulting from a different type of terrain. Argentina is quite typical in that, despite strenuous efforts, it is able to produce but two-fifths of the oil it consumes itself.

Conditions vary considerably country by country, but the opening up of Latin America's oilfields would present great opportunities. Communications would have to be set up; livable settlements would have to be established; sizable new funds for national development would be available from oil production in many underdeveloped lands. Until atomic power becomes generally available some years hence the world demand for oil will continue large enough to justify the undertaking now of the most extensive South American exploration and development.

CARDINAL GRIFFIN

THE DEATH recently of Bernard Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster and Metropolitan of London, is a loss not only to Catholics, but to the whole of Great Britain, and to those in America who had met this great Churchman on his visit here in 1946.

Great in charity, he had an especial concern for the handicapped, the orphan and the homeless; his practical care for the war-driven refugees who poured into England is, indeed, one of the most heartening chapters of the history of the Church's "second spring" in England.

He combined this timeless task of the works of mercy with an awareness of the Church's place in the modern democracy. He urged his people to play their full role in the political life of the nation, and stressed the role of the family as the stronghold and safeguard of the community and the individual. For this very reason, he was always watchful of the power of the state, and always critical of its tendencies to threaten the rights and responsibilities of the family and individual.

He was, in the best sense of the word, a "modern" prelate. From the first, he encouraged Monsignor Knox in his new translation of the Bible, and established a Catholic Center for the study and development of religious radio broadcasting. Among his last projects was a plan for a Catholic Festival of the Arts, to be held in 1957, designed to bring together Catholic masterpieces of art, music and drama. We hope that the plans for this Festival will go forward, as a memorial to the vision and broad humanity of Cardinal Bernard Griffin. May his soul rest in peace.

TELEVISED TELEPHONING

THE LATEST electronic miracle leaves us somewhat short of wildly enthusiastic. The Bell Laboratories have announced the successful testing of a device which makes it possible to see the person to whom one is talking over the telephone, and, of course, to be seen in return.

We are quick to recognize that the device does have some rewarding aspects. A call to one's home or friends will be even more pleasant when one can see the face as well as hear the voice on the other end of the telephone.

But—and this the Bell Laboratories seem to have forgotten—one does not call only one's family or friends, and is too often called by chance acquaintances, creditors, distant relatives and other *personae non gratae*. It is the simply virtuous among us who are most threatened—those who cannot master the little fibs without which life becomes a social nightmare, but whose cheeks redden or eyelids drop as they say, "We'd love to come, Aunt Hermione, but I'm getting a rather nasty cold," or "I put that check in the mail two days ago; you should be getting it tomorrow."

It is, alack, only the resolutely candid and the accomplished fibber who have nothing to lose by televised phone conversations. We hope the electronic masters at Bell will think the whole thing over before they decide to perfect this horrendous little device.

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The Power of the President

"AMERICAN POLITICS HAS COME TO BE NOT A DEBATE OVER ISSUES BUT A SEARCH FOR AN ALL-KNOWING, ALL-LOVING, ALL-POWERFUL LEADER"

VICTOR C. FERKISS

MANY YEARS ago, the late Henry Jones Ford wrote: "In the Presidential office the American democracy has revived the oldest political institution of the race, the elective kingship." That such a statement would startle most American citizens unmistakably indicates the extent to which Americans fail to recognize the uniqueness as well as the power of "the highest office in the land." Whether one considers it as a cause for exaltation or despair, the fact remains that the President of the United States is the most powerful ruler in the democratic world.

This is no accident. Though the Founding Fathers could not have foreseen the extent to which Presidential powers would expand under the impact of modern war and the welfare state, they deliberately laid the foundations for a strong executive. The American revolution was a revolt against the tyranny of the king and his agents. But the conservative reaction which followed sought to make of the Constitution an instrument for the protection of private property from confiscation or manipulation by tyrannical popular legislatures; in the process they gave to the President an independence that was in time to be the envy of kings and their ministers alike.

Of the two great Constitutional keys to executive power—the President's fixed term of office and his independent election by the nation at large—it is hard to say which is more important. A fixed term of office, barring unlikely impeachment, means the President cannot be destroyed by Congress but must be endured. What would Wilson's or Truman's Congressional enemies not have given to have been Frenchmen for a day, capable of toppling their hated foe and appealing to the people for vindication?

Equal in importance is the fact that the President is elected independently of Congress, owing none of his powers to it. The theoretically clear distinction between executive and legislative powers drummed into the heads of every schoolboy, even if it slurs the facts, makes it plain that in executing the laws the President is the agent, not of Congress, but of the people. In addition, because of its structure, Congress necessarily tends to represent local interest while the President, since he owes his office to a national majority of electors chosen on a statewide basis, is necessarily a person who has proven his ability to gain support from nationwide interests, or at least from a wide coalition of local ones. The constituency he speaks for is the nation as a whole.

Mr. Ferkiss, a frequent contributor to The Commonweal, teaches political science at St. Mary's College, California.

THESE ARE Constitutional commonplaces. Equally significant are the historical conditions which have made the Presidency what it is today. The Presidency has grown in prestige because in times of crisis people have turned to a Lincoln or a Franklin Roosevelt for a leadership Congress seemed unable to provide, and, despite temporary cross-currents, this prestige has been cumulative.

The great advantage of the President over Congress lies in his greater intrinsic ability to act with decision and dispatch in war and foreign affairs. Even such an advocate of legislative primacy as John Locke held that the "Federative" power (i.e., the power of dealing with foreign affairs) is a plenary one, best lodged in a single hand, logically that of the executive. As the importance of foreign affairs to the United States has increased so have the powers of the President. If, as Randolph Bourne put it, "War is the health of the state," international crisis is the health of the Presidency.

A further element in the great and increasing power of the Presidency, one which is less widely recognized than any of the above, is the importance of the symbolic role of the President in an age of democratic nationalism and political irrationality. The influence of Freudianism and the rise of popular dictatorships have caused many commentators to reevaluate monarchy as a political institution. The king is now seen as a necessary father-figure and as a personal symbol of the impersonal social whole. This is an essentially different role from that of the party leader, who symbolizes the forces of division within a nation. It is primarily for this reason that non-monarchical parliamentary nations

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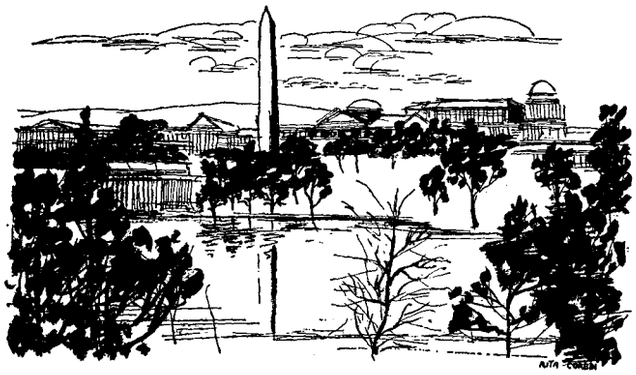
like France have created the ceremonial office of President of the Republic which is separate from that of Premier and, theoretically at least, above partisan politics.

In America the President is forced to assume the role of symbolic father as well as that of party leader, and this dual function is a source both of strength and



weakness. The two roles are difficult to keep apart, even in regard to petty details: Is it proper for the band to play "Hail to the Chief" when the President enters the hall to make a campaign speech? Were the New York voters who booed the dying Roosevelt during an election parade in 1944 acting unpatriotically? The ability of the President deliberately to confuse the roles is, of course, a source of tremendous power over Congress; it can be used to give his State of the Union and Budget messages the aura of addresses from the Throne on behalf of the People. On the other hand, failure to live up to the dignity expected of a President can create a real hatred for him among the electorate.

THAT THE American people have always shown great willingness to trust to Presidential leadership to solve problems they wish to avoid thinking about themselves has been a mixed blessing to holders of the Presidential office. Uneasy indeed lies the head which wears the crown of popular favor. For, if the people repay a successful President with almost unlimited power and undue adulation, they are even more ready to revenge themselves on a leader whose rule, however wise, has caused them hardship or sacrifice. Even the victorious Commander-in-Chief's popularity rarely survives the coming of peace. Having surrendered responsibility to the monarch, the people feel justified in making him a scapegoat for all the ills to which human societies fall heir.

This thirst of the people for strong leadership has been accentuated by the growing complexity of political problems and the increasing degree to which these problems involve matters of which the electorate lacks knowledge as well as understanding. It is possible for most people to imagine they understand domestic economic problems—they have at least seen farmers, strikers, and men who are out of work. But such things as atomic energy, Communist espionage, and Asiatic public opinion are elements in a world as remote, mysterious and arbitrary as that of the fairy tale or the nightmare. Congressional attempts to discuss such issues rationally can have little popular resonance. What people seek is a master magician to conjure with these problems; they watch and evaluate the TV performances of an Eisenhower or a Dunninger according to the same critical standards. A divided group of debaters is not an effective instrument for spell-casting. Only a single individual exuding confidence and strength has the vatic quality necessary to calm popular anxieties.

For this reason American politics has come to be, not a debate over issues, but a search for an all-knowing, all-loving, all-powerful leader. And this is not merely a result of what some have called the drift toward a mass society. It is in large measure the outcome of a Constitutional system which has focused popular political attention on the choice of an occupant of the White House ever since the availability of George Washington was used as an argument for the strong powers given the President in the new Constitution then being proposed.

Theorists disagree about the extent to which in a democracy the people at large ought to decide political issues directly rather than through the medium of their elected representatives. This question is often not of great practical import, since a candidate's stand on issues is something the public takes into account in assessing his fitness for office. The American system, however, has always tended to place primary emphasis on the candidate's personality, while the parliamentary system, with its frequently tighter party discipline, has instead tended to emphasize issues. The fact that parliamentary elections abroad are normally held in the shadow of a particular question about which the government and the opposition are in disagreement does in fact often make them equivalent to great national referenda on these questions. In America it is purely fortuitous if great national decisions are in the making at the time the fixed terms of the President and Congress end. If the United States had a parliamentary form of government, for example, the history of the Korean War period might have been far different from what it was.

On the other hand, the pattern of American politics is such that often the people are denied a chance to express their desires even when elections are held at crucial junctures in our history. Thus, the isolationist voter in 1940 had little real choice between Roosevelt and Wilkie. In such circumstances it is quite natural if the voter makes his choice on the basis of his feeling

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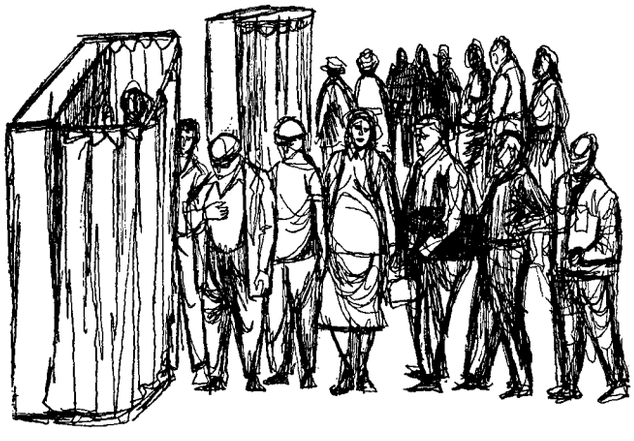
that Tom Dewey looks like a confidence man or Eisenhower like a leader. He often has little else on which to base his decision.

RESTRAINTS on the powers of a President who has strong popular support are scant. Congress can balk, but, if he wishes to, the President can usually use the mass media to go directly to the people and in this way pressure Congress into line. The party needs a Roosevelt or an Eisenhower more than he needs it: studies of elections show that the vote for a Congressman generally lags behind the vote his party's Presidential candidate receives, and he depends on the latter's strength to pull him into office. Even the courts usually follow the election returns. As long as a President's actions are in tune with what the people want, or think they want, or can be made to think they want, he is, in fact, king.

But if the powers of the President are enormous, the burdens of his office are almost insuperable, and in direct ratio to his powers. Those who hold that the United States needs virtual Presidential dictatorship in order to maintain freedom and prosperity at home and to preserve its stature in the world, seem overly impressed with the extent to which technical and administrative reorganization of the executive branch or of his own staff can help the President to carry out his multitudinous responsibilities effectively. Omnipotence is dependent upon omniscience, and a President who must depend on subordinates to brief him on questions about which the average citizen is often expected to be at least reasonably well-informed is a blind Jove indeed.

If freedom means that government is, in the last resort, controlled by the governed, then the governed must be able to hold some elected official responsible for the conduct of government. If Congressional attempts to supervise day-to-day administrative activity are to be rejected, then the President himself must be responsible for such activity, or the bureaucracy is no longer within the reach of popular control. In *The American Presidency*, Clinton Rossiter notes that a great "Chief Diplomat" and Commander-in-Chief usually is not, cannot be, a great Chief Executive; in so doing he inadvertently points up a grave weakness inherent in democratic monarchy. For it is only by supervising policy execution that a leader leads. Presidential pronouncements do not necessarily effect what they signify. Governmental action is normally not a thunderbolt from Olympus but the building of a coral reef, and the President must in some manner keep watch over the vast accretion of individual actions which constitute the activity of the whole. He must know where he wishes to go and make certain that each action of his subordinates tends in that direction.



The great burdens of the Presidency exist necessarily and inevitably because it is the sole point of leverage in our political system at which an elected official is in a position to control directly, or at least attempt to control, civil servants who are not recallable by the people. It is meaningless to say that this problem of control is less pressing in a democracy than elsewhere. And in a nation like the United States, which lacks a tradition of expert, impartial government service, it may be an even more pressing problem than it is in other democracies.

One great advantage which citizens in a democracy have is their free press, which can call attention to abuses of authority, whether these take the form of mistreatment of individuals or of failure to carry out policies laid down by elected officials. But press criticisms, to be effective, require a President sufficiently informed about and interested in governmental activity to be able and willing to correct abuses which are discovered. The principal cure for Presidential ignorance and disinterest is access—an opportunity for interested individuals, particularly party officials interested in making a good record, to talk with him frequently and at length. It is this kind of necessary contact with party and public that creates a full-to-overflowing Presidential appointment calendar. A President who is not able to maintain contact with his underlings and his people is like the god of Greek mythology who was doomed when he lost touch with Earth. And, it should be noted, the danger that the President cannot fulfill all the myriad tasks that our present system imposes on him has an obverse side. If the people and the legislature lose their ability to perform these tasks themselves, through over-dependence on a papier-maché Big Brother, there is always the possibility that the collapse of one idol will be followed, not by the rejection of idolatry, but by devotion to an even brassier deity.

Discussion of the role of the Presidency is conditioned and obscured by the fact that, as Rossiter points out, "Arguments over its powers are really arguments over the American way of life and the direction in

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which it is moving." But in my opinion it is an error to assume that the forces in conflict line up in a simple fashion: "liberals" (strong Presidency) vs. "conservatives" (weak Presidency). And the contention that the President is more representative of the popular will than a gerrymandered Congress dominated by rural interests is today a half-truth. Years ago social critics like Hilaire Belloc held that the revival of monarchy was a means by which the people could defeat an oligarchic legislature. Modern conditions have demonstrated that in fact the new monarchy is a means by which the new super-oligarchy can cement its control of the country by bulldozing conventions, electing Presidents, and then manufacturing public opinion to support them. Since the manipulators often bypass local elections, and since these often involve candidates and issues with which the citizen has at least some first-hand acquaintance, Congress is sometimes closer to public opinion than the supporters of monarchy would have us believe. In a certain sense, the activities of a Kefauver, Bricker, Humphrey, or even a McCarthy, while not necessarily substantively sound, represent the last stirrings of the American tradition of grass-roots insurgency against the consolidation of power behind the Presidential facade.

The extent to which orderly succession to the highest office is possible is often a good index of the health of democracy in a nation. On this ground, also, the centralization of power in the modern American Presidency is suspect. If the President is King, the position of the Vice President is not so clear, and in many cases his succession to the Presidency would have an overly disruptive effect. Truman's unfamiliarity with many important policies produced a dangerous hiatus in the conduct of American affairs when Roosevelt died, while the recent attempts to build up Nixon as a Crown Prince were dealt a serious blow when President Eisenhower's various illnesses showed real power to be in the hands of a Regency of king-makers elected by and responsible to no one. Presidential monarchy may contain the seeds of national disaster as well as of national greatness. A nation that is a heart-beat away from chaos is a republic not far from the loss of its liberty.

SUEZ CRISIS

Rumors of War

MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

NOT SINCE Munich have I been as ashamed of my country's foreign policy as during the war hysteria which swept England after the seizure of Suez, and has still not completely abated. It swallowed up even such staid papers as the *Times,* the *Spectator,* and (heaven help us) the Anglican *Church Times,* to say nothing of the saber-rattling done in Parliament. There is discomfort in the Labor Party, and its leaders have made at least a gesture of respect for the U.N. and for world opinion. But in essentials they, too, have gone along. Somewhere, some time, if these people calling for force have their way, a British soldier is going to see an Egyptian across the sights of his gun. Obeying a chain of command which runs back to the Cabinet and Parliament, he will pull the trigger and shoot the Egyptian dead. Perhaps he will thereby touch off a much wider shooting war, whose limits no one can foresee. In these matters of life and death there is no halfway house.

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Those who call for a show of force argue that agreements should be kept. Quite right. The Suez Canal Company operated under a lease granted by the State of Egypt. The State has now revoked this agreement, unilaterally and without alleging any fault on the side of the Canal Company. Such behavior is wrong in itself, likely to destroy confidence in other international agreements, and is a just cause for complaint. But, to be justified, recourse to war demands not merely a just cause but a proportional one. The mere breaking of a commercial agreement will not justify letting war loose in an area as explosive as the Middle East. The damage done must be great enough to outweigh the mass slaughter and public and private demoralization that war entails.

Nor is the argument that Western prestige has been damaged strong enough to justify the use of armed force, even if we were to take this argument at its face value. The West played an ace in pulling out of the Aswan Dam project, only to find that Colonel Nasser had the joker up his sleeve after all. Certainly Western prestige has been damaged by this. But will war and

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threats of war put the damage right? The British show of force on Cyprus and Egypt, like that of the French in Algeria, deceives no one. Not so long ago the Russians interfered with the international regulation of the Danube, and a little later with the flow of traffic to and from Berlin. Did we British send the Army to fight them? We did not; and everyone knows that if we were sure of Russian intervention in the Egyptian case, we would walk around Nasser now like a cat on hot bricks.

It is one law for the strong and another for the weak. Now that the British lion can no longer take on the big beasts, he merely makes himself odious by roaring at cats. And if it had been the Belgians who broke this agreement, or the Danes, would we have held a gun to their heads in quite the same way? There is more than a whiff here of putting the natives in their place, even more detectable in France than in Britain, since French action over Suez has been closely tied up with the battle in Algeria. How is this sort of behavior going to help Western prestige in the colored three-quarters of the world, where anti-Western sentiment is already strong?

THE ECONOMIC arguments are more serious. Here and now, as I write, the nationalization of the Suez Canal has caused no economic loss to anyone. For the future it might lead to losses of two kinds. The Canal shareholders might not get fair compensation, and if Egypt were thus to get away with confiscation, other Middle Eastern countries might be tempted to try the same game. Even more important, the Egyptian Government might raise Canal dues unreasonably or block certain classes of traffic. This contingency is covered by formal international agreement to keep the Canal open to peaceful traffic at all times. This agreement remains in force, the Egyptian State admits that it is bound by it, and the parties to it have a right to do what is reasonably necessary to carry it out. Seeing that Egypt has already broken the Canal lease and blocked traffic to and from Israel for some years, it can fairly be argued, as is being done, that one thing needed is to insist that the Canal be run by an international body and not by Egypt alone. Since this is a just demand, any Egyptian forces which resisted it would, so it might be argued, be in the wrong. The guilt of starting a war, if war came in that way, would be on their side.

But there is a guilt of provoking a war as well as a guilt of starting it. The man who fires first, being unreasonably provoked, may be innocent even though it was through his fault that the quarrel started in the first place. It is necessary to ask once more whether the West's case for risking a war is proportionate as well as just. On one side is the prospect of a war, indefinitely extended, and of great loss of good will in one of the most sensitive areas of international affairs today—the relations between white and colored and between the colonial and the colonizing or ex-colonizing powers. On the other is—what? A hypothetical danger of higher transport costs through the Canal or around the Cape, perhaps of temporary

shortages while more shipping is provided for the Cape route, perhaps also of more confiscations or partial confiscations in the Middle East. But a hypothesis can never justify war.

HERE IS an essential difference between the situation now and that at the time of Munich. Eighteen years ago many of us said that it was better to fight than to sign the Munich agreement. Our judgment was influenced by the hypothesis—correct, as it turned out—that if we did not stop Nazi aggression at that point we would have to stop it under less favorable conditions later on. But we did not say that it was right to declare war on Germany merely because we held this hypothesis, or because the then German Government was unwilling to accept measures, such as international inspection of armaments, reasonably needed to keep the peace.

The question, to fight or not to fight, arose only out of an actual violation of international law of a kind customarily regarded as justifying a defensive war, namely the armed invasion of Czechoslovakia. There are plenty of things which Colonel Nasser could and perhaps will do, and these might put him in the same position as Hitler at the time of Munich. He might, for instance, invade the State of Israel. But a mere hypothesis about what he may do in the future, about the Canal or anything else, cannot be enough ground for going to war with him.

Suppose, however, that the hypothesis became reality. Suppose the Egyptian Government were to confiscate the Canal shares, double the tolls, and block all British traffic completely. Would this action be a proportionate

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as well as a just cause for war? Certainly it would put us in Britain to great inconvenience. But we would not starve, any more than we did in World War II when the Mediterranean was closed; and if it comes to a choice between rationing gas and shooting some Egyptians, with all the further consequences that act might involve, I, for one, would sooner ration gas. Even economically, it would be less expensive than war.

In any case, before the shooting could start, there is still another traditional condition to be met. War is legitimate only when all other means of redress have been exhausted, and in the Canal case, at least, three effective means are provided. There are Egyptian assets to be seized or blocked outside Egypt; in Britain alone, there are enough to buy out the Suez Canal shares twice over. There are Egyptian requirements to bargain over; the Aswan Dam affair, after all, precipitated seizure of the Canal. And the chief seafaring countries could drain the Canal revenue dry by closing their ports and frontiers to goods which have passed through it, throwing a picket line around Nasser as they did not long ago, successfully, to Premier Mossadegh over Abadan.

BUT WHAT about the Canal as Britain's lifeline for the Third World War, and a key factor in Britain's and the Commonwealth's strategic position in the Middle East? Objectively, I doubt if there is much in this argument. It took until nearly the end of the last war to produce a Grand Slam bomb capable of doing serious damage to the West German canals, which are much more vulnerable to bombing than is Suez. But the next war will start with a bomb one blast of which could put all Suez out like a light. It takes some stretching of a Christian imagination to discover a legitimate as well as useful target for an H-bomb on land; but if ever there were one, this ditch in the desert is it.

But though there may not be much objectively in the military argument, psychologically there is a great deal. The Commonwealth has for some years ceased

to be a major military power in its own right, though several of its members, such as Britain and Australia, remain key members of alliances, stretching beyond the Commonwealth, which are such powers. The Commonwealth as such is divided in policy between the two poles of Britain and India. It is equipped overall with forces too weak to rank alongside those of America or Russia. It is indefensible in detail without outside support, and has had the back of its communications broken ever since the power structure of the Middle East was changed by the atom bomb, the Arab League, and the emergence of Russia, in its present strength, as the chief potential enemy.

But so long as the old framework of Empire bases and traffic routes remained, including British control of Suez, the illusion of imperial greatness could survive. Now Colonel Nasser has called the imperialists' bluff. Henceforward even the blind can see that the only possible focus of Western defense is America. The communications that matter are those that run outwards from America north and south into the Atlantic and Pacific, not those linking Britain to India and Australia directly through the Eurafrican land mass. The Commonwealth is split in two. Britain's own future lies, not in imperialism and colonialism, but in a united Europe, itself linked into an Atlantic community. It is here, rather than in the dismembered Commonwealth, that the scope for British leadership in power politics lies.

No wonder, then, that the Empire Tories have exploded. Their hysteria over the Suez comes basically from frustration over Britain's impotence—"the way we have been pushed around these last few years"—within the traditional framework of British foreign policy, together with sorrow and anger at the collapse of that framework itself. But if the framework is rotten, is not the answer to abandon these vain regrets and build a new framework, corresponding better to the needs of the times?

AN APPEAL

Father Thomas Purcell, O.S.A., pastor of a large parish in Nagasaki, Japan, writes of the effectiveness of the NCCW food package program among the victims of the A-bomb: "Our only trouble here is in deciding which families to choose among so many. Mrs. Fujihara is typical—her husband was killed by the A-bomb; she is bedridden with TB; her 12-year-old daughter cares for her after school. However, the doctor says she is curable. Your help means that next year she can go back to work (as a plasterer's assistant she will earn enough to keep the two of them—60¢ a day)." Contributions for these $5 food packages should be sent to NCCW Japan Feed-a-Family Program, c/o Catholic Relief Services, 350 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N.Y.

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THE SCREEN

BRASH BOY BRAVES BUS

ALTHOUGH the movie version of "Bus Stop" only vaguely resembles William Inge's original stage play, most of the changes are for the better. Scriptwriter George Axelrod dropped several of Inge's cliché-ridden characters who gathered in Grace's Diner for the metamorphosis they were to work on each other, and characters not dropped were adjusted to the story and action, most of which now takes place outside the diner. The central character in the movie is the brash young cowboy. The story starts as he leaves his Montana ranch, with the older rancher who raised him, to set out for the rodeo in Phoenix; and ends many reels and events later as he boards the bus again, to return to his ranch—wiser, almost grown-up and ready for marriage. This role is played with charming naiveté and exuberance by newcomer Don Murray, who bounces, throws his weight around and handles the "angel" he hopes to marry as if she were a sack of potatoes. As his good friend and mentor, Arthur O'Connell plays the older cowboy to the hilt with nice touches of sentiment, perplexity and wisdom. It is hard to believe, however, that a twenty-one-year-old cowboy, even one who had never been off the ranch except to have his tonsils out, would be so smitten with the entertainer he finds in the cheesey Phoenix night club and accept her as the "angel" he wants to lead to the altar. But he does.

In what is certainly her best performance to date, Marilyn Monroe is quite believable as this singer from the Ozarks who, although she has been around with the boys since she was twelve, is almost as naive in some ways as the cowboy. She "hustles drinks," mauls "That Old Black Magic" and has some wild ideas about going to Hollywood to be discovered. The Strasberg school of acting is evident in Miss Monroe's portrayal, but every now and then the old Marilyn breaks through. Her Ozark accent comes and goes, but she has caught well the spirit of the tired "chantoosie" who wants to escape from her past but not necessarily to Montana.

At times, "Bus Stop" is quite touching as it tells the story of these two poles-apart people who will eventually get together. Buddy Adler has given the film a handsome production in CinemaScope and De Luxe Color, both of which look their best when showing off the Western scenery and the rodeo in Phoenix. In the diner itself, Director Joshua Logan gives us some enormous close-ups that are cut off rather peculiarly to fit the elongated screen, but fortunately he does not indulge in these tricks too often. As in "Picnic," which he crowded with stunning shots of the picnic itself, he pads "Bus Stop" with scenes of the rodeo that are in themselves interesting but slow up the story. Making a movie of Inge's "Bus Stop" was no easy thing; and, although the film has cleaned up the original considerably, it still has its risqué lines and situations. Most of these center around the woman who runs the diner (played by Betty Field doing a sort of take-off on Mae West) and the man who runs the bus (Robert Bray with muscles and intentions rippling). Excellent in supporting roles are Eileen Heckart as a Phoenix waitress trying to help Marilyn, and Hope Lange as a girl who works in the diner.

I AM NOT sure why Frank Sinatra chose "Johnny Concho" as his first independent production—unless because its plot, stemming from a story by David P. Harmon, has a good fat part for him. Frank plays the role of a mean, cowardly bully who is tolerated in Cripple Creek, Arizona, only because his brother is the town boss and gunslinger who keeps other villains out. But then comes a tougher gunslinger (William Conrad) who bumps off Frank's brother and delights in exposing Frank for the weak little cad he is. Sinatra plays this role very well, but as a whole "Johnny Concho" gets rather tiresome as a picture. The other citizens are so low in spirit and so servile—first to the Conchos and then to the new overlord—that they seem more theatrical than real. After a while even Frank's characterization, as interesting as it is, begins to pall. Things pick up, of couse, when a gun-totin' minister (Keenan Wynn) in another town sends the sniveling coward back to prove himself a man. Phyllis Kirk, whose admiration for Frank is never understandable, is waiting for Frank when he returns to tell off the villain. "Johnny Concho" has its points, but they dilute "High Noon" pretty thin.

IT IS refreshing to see a western that has a minimum of violence and a maximum of brotherly love. Such a picture is "Walk the Proud Land," based on the biography of John Philip Clum, the Bible student who became a Government Indian Agent in 1874. At the Apache Reservation in Tucson, he insists that the Indians be treated, not as slaves, but as Americans. This does not make him popular with the whites, but he sure gains the respect and affection of the Apaches. In fact one Apache girl (Anne Bancroft) proves a problem not only for Clum but also for his new wife (Pat Crowley), who doesn't quite appreciate an Indian girl hanging around all the time. Audie Murphy is excellent as the gentle, tough and sincere agent who proves his argument that it is more Christian to educate the Indians than to exterminate them. In telling Clum's story, Director Jessie Hibbs is not neces-

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sarily factual at all times, but he does give the film, even in its exciting phases, a nice documentary tone.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

OF NOTE

THE NATURAL LAW

THE Notre Dame Law School has recently begun an annual publication, the *Natural Law Forum* (Law Building, Notre Dame, Indiana). Its initial issue contains an article by Vernon J. Bourke entitled, "Two Approaches to Natural Law," excerpts from which are given below.

Natural law, as the term is used by moral, legal and social theorists, has a wide variety of meanings. It is not the purpose of this note to detail the extent and history of these ambiguities, though such a study would have practical value. Rather, I should like to describe two contrasting attitudes toward natural law to suggest that one is better than the other. In what follows, references to certain writers in the history of philosophy are used for illustrative purposes only, not to condemn or approve their theories, or to demonstrate my point by any appeal to their authority. As a matter of historical fact, some of them (Hobbes is a good example) use both approaches. For the sake of clarity, let us call these approaches A and B.

In approach A, natural law is considered to be a set of rules or precepts conveyed to man by immediate inspiration. This communication is frequently thought to have a divine origin. Natural law thinkers who take this approach usually offer a definite list of precepts. Hobbes does so. Because it is brief, his third law of nature may be cited as an example: it is simply, "that men perform their covenants made." . . .

Where does Hobbes, or any similar thinker, get such a precept of natural law? That the precept is not so simple and universally accepted as Hobbes thought, is evident to anyone who reads the ethical literature of Europe. From Kant and Bentham onward, the most hotly disputed moral question has been that of the obligation to keep promises. People who list these precepts usually make some effort to "deduce" them from one primary moral judgment. This judgment is considered to be naturally known. Early modern thinkers hasten to add that these rules are also promulgated in Holy Scripture, or by some other means of divine inspiration. Some thinkers, then, with theistic convictions are quite frank in admitting the immediate sources of their lists of rules of natural law. Catholic writers often do this in much the same way that Hobbes does. Where religious inspiration is weak or absent, as in the case of some contemporary British moralists, resort is made to an intuitive origin of basic moral judgments. In such cases it becomes more and more difficult to justify any code of laws for man's behavior.

Another variant of approach A consists in the appeal to the condition of men in a "state of nature." Excellent examples of this procedure are found in some ancient and mediaeval writers but we do not lack illustrations in English literature. John Locke, for instance, in common with many men of his period, supposed the American Indians to be living in a state of nature. It was generally imagined that these happy savages actually lived without the burden of positive laws, in peaceful obedience to the laws of nature. Rousseau's version of the theory is well known. Some thought that no contemporaries were actually living in this condition but that, at some idyllic period in the history of man, there had been people in a state of nature. All that is necessary, then, to discover the natural law is to divest ourselves of this hampering garment of man-made laws and to listen to the voice of nature. The implication is that natural law is instinctively and immediately evident.

For less romantic thinkers, approach A takes the form of innatism or aprioristic rationalism. In this version, the mind of man is thought to be endowed by nature with a sense of duty, or even with certain initial rules of conduct. All of this is prior to sense experience. These innate promptings to moral goodness need only be developed in order to secure natural justice. While Kantian legal thinking makes little use of the term, natural law, it appears closely related to the attitude of this approach.

Doubtless there are many other variations of this way of getting to the natural law. The significant thing is that no advocate of approach A pays much attention to the scientific study of nature, whether in man or in the world about him. The facts of human experience, the growth of human customs, the logic of competing moral and legal theories are but useless burdens to the man who already knows, or thinks he knows, the rules of life by virtue of a special communication. Some of the theocratic thinkers in the American colonies were thus impatient of man-made laws and legal theories, precisely because they claimed to find their precepts of civil justice in the Bible.

A quite different attitude toward natural law is characteristic of approach B. Here, there is no claim of direct inspiration from God, though one may be convinced that God is the ultimate source of order and justice. Nor is there any need for reference to an actual or imaginary "state of nature." Neither innate nor intuited moral precepts are required for this approach. The central notion is that certain types of activity are appropriate, or inappropriate, to certain

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types of agents under given circumstances. This approach is evident in the practical thinking of some of the classic Greek philosophers, though we are not required to think that they exhausted its possibilities. Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle figure in its history, as do the Stoics. They felt that man, as a reasoning animal, could act in ways not open to the irrational brute. They judged that some activities quite natural to brutes were not to be performed by men. They indicated the importance of the surrounding circumstances of human action and analyzed the conditions of voluntariness.

It is certainly not necessary to this approach to say, with Plato, that human nature is a really existing and unchanging essence. Such extreme realism was rejected by Aristotle. Indeed, if such a human nature were actually present in each man, it would be difficult to explain why men do not always act in conformity with it. And if they did, there would seem to be little need to legislate or to theorize on the nature of laws. The laws of such a human "nature" would be obeyed as automatically as the laws of physics. Greek necessitarianism is foreign to approach B.

On the other hand, I do not think it possible to develop a theory of natural law on a purely nominalistic basis. It is true that individual things are the only existents; universal essences do not exist. Men differ as individuals but they resemble each other more than they do dogs or trees or stones. There are observable types of beings. It is possible to distinguish different types of actions. This is what makes it possible to formulate laws, for a law always has some generality to it. It is a statement that a certain type of action is suitable, or unsuitable, to a certain type of agent, under certain typical conditions.

Again, in approach B, *nature* refers not merely to the nature of man but also to the natures of other things with which, and in regard to which, men may act freely. One of the features common to individual men (and not to dogs, trees or stones) is an ability to understand a general rule and to conform to it in certain situations only. Such conformity is not automatic, wholly predetermined by antecedent conditions, as it appears to be in subhuman agents. Certain of men's actions, such as the natural processes of digestion, are naturally and physically predetermined, as they are in other animals. It is nonsense to enact human legislation to govern such events. Other actions of men, such as walking, may be voluntary. They are not wholly predetermined. These voluntary actions are governable by general precepts or laws. Yet the striking thing about such laws of voluntary activity is not that they *must* be obeyed but that they *may* be disobeyed.

Approach B endeavors to discover such laws by studying the specific type of agent that man is, and by attending to the circumstances under which men perform voluntary actions. The more general the expression of such law, the less attention does it pay to circumstances. In its maximum generalization all circumstantial conditions would be omitted. The old formula, *good should be done, evil avoided,* is a rule devoid of special conditions. Such a rule is not immediately practical: no one can go out and just do good. More practical precepts are reached by observing and stating the actual conditions of voluntary action. Such a process is not an analytical deduction from the formula stated above. Only experience can lead to the discovery of what is good action in the concrete. However, crude experience is not enough to suggest immediately the patterns of right conduct in voluntary activity. Some hard thinking must be done. There is no substitute for practical reasoning, either in moralizing or in legislating.

Hence, this approach to law is both empirical and rational. Without experience, we know nothing of the nature of human agents, human actions and their circumstances. Experience covers not only ordinary sense perceptions but also the findings of the various sciences. Of course the social sciences are important sources of information for the legal thinker and the moralist. But, since man may perform voluntary actions modifiable by any parts of the universe, all the special sciences (biology, physics, chemistry, mathematics, and so on) are sources of significant and practical information. Whatever can be discovered about the nature of things is pertinent to the regulation of human conduct. . . .

It is evident that my preference is for approach B. I do not reject A because it appeals to divine law. My criticism of it centers on its claim to short-cut experience and reasoning by appealing to some sort of direct and immediate grasp of natural law. This appears to be but a travesty on natural law thinking. It is with some hesitation that I conclude by suggesting that approach B is Thomistic. My hesitation is solely due to my fear that I may be misunderstood by non-Thomists. I do not mean to say that one must call himself a Thomist in order to develop a legal theory along the lines of approach B. At least I should like to go on record as thinking that Thomism is not to be identified with approach A.

True, St. Thomas speaks of natural law as a "participation" in the divine law. Yet I have the strong conviction that this participation does not mean a privileged communication, coming directly by divine inspiration, but rather the process of working out rules of human behavior from the data of human experience, using the ordinary rules of logic and scientific method. Such procedure is a natural approach to law, moral or civil, because its data are the presentations of natural experience, its method is as natural as any other type of practical reasoning, and its results are as good as the admittedly imperfect nature of the human mind permits.

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Golden Horizon

JOSEPH M. DUFFY, JR.

THE TERM "little magazine" is now so big in its coverage that one is almost embarrassed to use it. In its strictest sense "little magazine" refers to a journal small in format and in the size of its audience, usually edited with a single governing artistic or political point of view, and designed mainly to provide a creative outlet for that point of view. The policy of the little magazine is characterized by the willingness, indeed the intention to support those creative efforts which are too fresh, too advanced, too unpopular, or too outrageous for admission into more conventional and commercial publications.

The very existence of little magazines implies a recognition of a split in the reading public which is itself a symptom of the cultural fragmentation of our time. Whereas in the nineteenth century a single magazine could be read by a vertical cross-section of the reading public, in the twentieth it is unlikely that there would be a crossing of readers in either direction from, for example, *The Saturday Evening Post* or *Collier's* to one of the little magazines.

The history of the little magazine in this country and abroad is a crowded chronicle of noble, fatuous, notorious, and obscure endeavors. There have been the brave, the shocking, the influential, and, most generally of all, the short-lived little magazines. Some of them posted their note of defiance on their covers: *Blast, The Pagan, The Damn, Fire!, Dope, Anathema, Furioso, Angry Penguins, Arson,* and *Death.* These magazines have stumbled, marched, and hurtled into a hostile or indifferent world the protestant banners of their editors and contributors, proclaiming in song and story and statement a new artistic vision to those who would—or could—understand.

Some have been distinguished spokesmen of regional groups, like *The Fugitive* and *The Midland,* representing to the rest of the country the spirit of place in literature—in these instances, the South and the Mid-West. Still others have been radical political voices like *The Liberator, Anvil, New Masses* and the old *Partisan Review*, offering the ethos of Marxism as an anodyne to a dying capitalist culture.

The little magazines have been foolish and fine in quality, transient and tough in endurance. For the most part they have been and are unknown to most readers of the Luce publications, *The New Yorker, Atlantic, Harper's,* and *The Reader's Digest.* Nevertheless, there is probably not one poet or novelist of the first rank in English who was not encouraged in his early work by publication in one of the little magazines; in this respect, the admirable record of *Hound and Horn* and *The Dial* needs only to be cited. For better or worse, the little magazines have been the seedbeds of what artistic and cultural efflorescence there has been in our century.

ASSOCIATED with the little magazines and, in fact, in league with them, are such journals as *Kenyon Review,* the *Sewanee Review,* and the new *Partisan Review,* which have a more academic tone and are predominantly inclined towards criticism, but which, nevertheless, still provide a medium for new poets and writers of fiction. Since the suspension of *Scrutiny* in 1954 there has been nothing in England comparable in high and serious critical style to these American literary quarterlies.

Finally, there are the thoroughly academic "little magazines," journals of criticism and scholarship which originate at universities and circulate exclusively among members of the academy. Of late these publications have turned their focus towards "modern" writers—those moderns, that is, who are, preferably, dead or at least safely recognized as significant.

An ironic turn of the artistic circle is achieved when, let us say, James Joyce, the demonic darling of aesthetic coteries of the twenties, may be discovered as a beautifully dead and respectable subject for the dissection of professors in *PMLA,* the largest of the little scholarly magazines and the official publication of the Modern Language Association—a journal which manages to make the masters of twentieth-century literature seem as remote and bloodless as it had previously made the Pearl Poet seem. The presumption of the little magazines of one decade thus emerges as the piety of the scholarly magazines of the next—the professors treading as usual their slow and ungainly step.

SUCH IS the history of the "little magazines," then, that the appearance of an anthology like *The Golden Horizon* (University Books. $6.00) often pro-

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vides the reviewer with a temptation to comment on the style, the fortune, and the fate of the publication represented. In this case, however, the reviewer will not, since *The Golden Horizon* is an anthology of fiction, poetry, literary criticism, and political reporting and opinion from *Horizon,* a magazine, with an international reputation, published in London from 1939 to 1950 under the editorship of Cyril Connolly. There will be no nostalgic celebration here of the merits of *Horizon* nor any lament over its departure. As the life of little magazines is measured, *Horizon* had a very long career and it ceased publication only when its work was done or when it had exhausted the interest of its editor.

The Golden Horizon is a personal venture and necessarily reflects the style of its editor, Cyril Connolly. He belongs to a group of English literary personages who might be described as bright, aesthetic young men. Even when their bloom has faded—and it has in most cases—one still thinks of them as young men; and even in their more serious moments their tone is aesthetic. They are cosmopolitan, modish, dandies of literature; men who have gone to one of the two universities, have the correct ideological bias, suffer from the proper neuroses. They speak over the B.B.C., are represented on the Arts Council—England's cultural bureaucracy—travel to America for lecture tours and occasionally settle down here.

When their artistic heroes die, they rush into public mourning with a commemorative sonnet or a grave speech or a reading—ah, James Joyce, dear Virginia Woolf, poor Dylan Thomas. They are most successful, conventional, and comfortable rebels in a cultural milieu of high-level mediocrity. Allied with them at the academic level are the genteel dons who give amiable lectures and later publish them in volumes that may be placed on library shelves side by side with the literary garlands of the nineteenth century.

On the basis of this anthology, it can be said that *Horizon* was not remarkable for its initiative in sponsoring new writers or in establishing new and firm critical standards. The familiar names are here and the familiar points of view are urbanely and literately represented. This is not so much an objection as a statement of fact. One would like more, but one takes a measure of satisfaction from what one has; just as one wishes the Old Vic were first-rate at the same time as one appreciates its existence. If there is little literary greatness in *The Golden Horizon*—little that astonishes, terrifies, or awes—there is much that is civilized.

AN OUTSTANDING characteristic of *The Golden Horizon* is its Europeanism. Its perspective is European rather than narrowly English, and, except for poems by Marianne Moore, Randall Jarrell, and E. E. Cummings and stories by James Lord and Paul Goodman, little attention is given to American writing and none to the American scene. *Horizon's* Europeanism is admirable when it is recalled that more than half of the magazine's life-span belonged to the war years, when England was largely cut off from the Continent and when the idea of Europe as a cultural marketplace was a memory and a hope in the face of a shattered reality. This Europeanism is satisfying, too, for the American reader, who will be grateful for a respite from studies of Faulkner and Melville, from reports of the American "lonely crowd," and from stories of children and maiden ladies in Southern towns.

The weakest aspect of *The Golden Horizon* is in its examples of fiction. In his Introduction, Connolly calls most of the stories he has selected "schizoid." They are. One does not have to be a follower of the Luce publications' party line, which champions a shallow and vulgar affirmation in art in total neglect of the artist's responsibility to his own vision, to cavil at James Lord's account of a mad and frustrated boy in "The Boy Who Wrote 'No' " or of Antonia White's story of a paranoid wife in "The Moment of Truth." These stories are skillfully conceived and suggestively rendered. Still, like so many others of their kind, they indicate a tight and strained evasion of life or, at worst,

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in Lawrence's words, they "do dirt on life." By contrast, Arthur Waley's translation of a Chinese fairy tale, "Mrs. White," has charm, wit and intelligence.

Among the poets, Spender, Auden, and MacNeice are, of course, represented. Louis Aragon's beautiful *"Zone Libre"* is here. And there are several of Dylan Thomas's poems which have since become famous. The best and most moving of these is "Fern Hill," in which the reader perceives, in its latter-day Wordsworthianism and in its romantic nostalgia for a lost innocence, the pattern of Thomas's appeal as a poet and his incapacity as a man: his unwillingness to live down to the person he was and his inability to live up to the person he wished himself to be.

BUT IT is not, curiously enough, in imaginative writing or in criticism that *The Golden Horizon* is most interesting. *Horizon* was, it has been noted, for much of its career a wartime magazine, and it is the reports of World War II and the reactions of sensitive men to that war that are, even now, more alive and exciting than most of the conventional literature in the collection. The romantic egoism of Stephen Spender as he faces the beginning of the war, or at its end as he investigates a defeated Germany, the reports from France of underground activity which remind us moodily of the excessive hopes we all had for that country, the account of Berlin's last days—all these have a greatness because of their subject that most of the other selections lack.

Most profoundly moving and upsetting of all the items in the book is Alan Moorehead's account of his visit to Belsen, the German concentration camp. The sights, sounds, and smells of human degradation are still strong and with them comes the question of responsibility. In firm but unrhetorical fashion, Moorehead reminds the reader that we are all involved in the catastrophe, and he warns against indifference to this responsibility.

In such a volume as this, in such a world, Belsen seems to be a symbol for a greater catastrophe of human guilt. In reading *The Golden Horizon*—in experiencing its sophistication, intelligence, elegance, ennui, and beauty published in war and in war's shadow—the war itself comes through as a reality greater than that of art; and one loves—fearfully—the more formidable reality. The encounter with its evil is better than evasion and withdrawal and restraint. So at last one is forced to reverse what was said earlier. *The Golden Horizon* is mainly a civilized production and the greatness—the horror—is mainly outside. And against that greatness how much does this kind of civilization count for?

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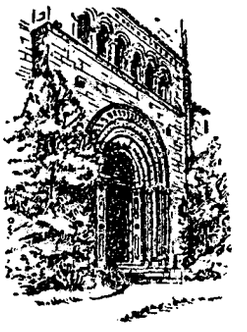

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A Poetic and Wise Book

THE LYCIAN SHORE. By Freya Stark. Harcourt, Brace. $6.50.

By JOHN P. SISK

THIS BEAUTIFULLY written and illustrated book is the account of Miss Stark's journey by small boat from Smyrna around the southwest corner of Asia Minor. Miss Stark had been reading the history of Alexander and wanted to follow him in his first adventure "among the great cities of his own past on the Asiatic coast . . . to learn something of the climate of that age" and "to discover what Alexander found in men's minds when he marched down from Granicus in 334 B.C."

This, I am sure, has a formidable sound: the general reader expects a specialist's exhumation of a past too remote to matter to him, however intriguing the prospect of an excursion into exotic waters. The expectation is wrong here. As the author realizes it for us, this past is not really remote and we are anything but uninvolved in it. But it is an honest, not a sentimental involvement.

"This book makes no claim to learning, but roams through space and time as a book of travel should do," the author says. In a sense this is true. On the surface it is disarmingly casual: wandering randomly among the complex inter-relationships of Spartan, Athenian, Egyptian, Persian, Macedonian and Roman, and bringing together figures as separated in time as Isocrates, St. Paul, the Mother Goddess, the Crusader and the Nazi.

Nevertheless, the learning is immense and splendidly organized. Miss Stark's method is to let each historic port-of-call evoke that aspect of her subject most appropriate to it. Thus, for instance, at Chios she discusses the fall of Athens, at Loryma, Persian wealth, at Caunus, Alexander's road, at Xanthus, the Lycian Federation. But in each instance we first encounter associations closer to us in time, so that we drop through layers of modern, medieval, Byzantine and Roman civilization to our ultimate subject. The result is that "the past is never quite dead" and we are willing to believe that if the Athenians had acted differently long ago "some ramification, some untraceable divergence would have affected the lives of all of us."

Time is an important figure in this book. It is not Time the Destroyer or Time the Revealer of futility and vanity that concerns Miss Stark so much as Time the Binder of past and future, Time we can even be enamored of "as he lingers beside us," Time in which there is liberty if we accept it for what it is: "something we can neither stop nor start, but only steer." Sailors and nomads are more likely to realize this Time, for they do not confuse the mastery with the direction of time; they do not try "like our building world, to believe in a stability which is non-existent."

In *The Lycian Shore* one may learn something about the ancient Mediterranean world that no orthodox history can teach him. It is a poetic and wise book in which one continually finds passages such as this (approaching the cliffs of Calymnos):

> Their tall chasms, curtained with shadow upon shadow, shone in high places with a dusky brilliance, like negroes' shoulders jutting beneath the moon and the only whiteness was the edge of the foam that bit them.

Or this (a final realization between Chimaera and Phaselis):

> Happiness, as I rode down towards the beach in the evening, seemed to me to belong to those three ages, ever with a growing awareness: to the nomad, whose infinity lies about him unquestioned; to the Aegean sailing without fear towards a yet undiscovered horizon; and to those, in the religions of our time, "whose service is perfect freedom" since they have seen their bars melted and infinity renewed.

Centrifugal Symbolism

THE HOUSE AT ADAMPUR. By Anand Lall. Knopf. $3.50.

By WILLIAM DUNLEA

THE HOUSE at Adampur is the allegorical crest jewel of this book, a trim novel, which consciously yet naively reaches for a straight novelistic verisimilitude, but won't pin itself down. Those who come to it for nothing less than grandiose enlightenment on India's revolutionary revolution will be taken up short by what, in that frame of reference, is but a frail allusion. Others will be reassured to find that Mr. Lall (India's Permanent Representative in UN) is no more a reverent documentarist than he is a giftless writer. With the struggle for independence he nourishes his story; it supplies something beyond a crutch, something short of a backbone.

Our author meets no slight difficulty in imparting his most sincere voice to the facile talent he displays; it is a choice illustration of how the one can devour the other. This is why the tension of the work is more a technical one than creative, residing as it does in its expressive scheme. The book is not well set up for Mr. Lall's poetic insight; its symbolism is too centrifugal. All the same it does have a certain perverse success, which is largely borrowed and of course at the expense of the writer's real native flair. It is a perfectly valid success in view of the well-made vacuity always passing muster for rewarding novel fare; only it seems so strangely to obtrude as a melancholy hybrid amid intimations of magic, that we might reckon the author to be its prisoner. This writer out of the East has been beguiled by our busy illusion of the well-made novel; over against this, however, poetic insight—which we know to have distinguished the finer

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modern novelists—is sufficiently his to be fair augury for his future.

Like other recent novels by Indians, *Adampur* is written in English for the non-rickshaw trade; a firm but suggestive chisel is applied to the language, while the general pattern is compression. The most eventful years of often bloody non-violence (from the 1920's almost to the consummation of the struggle) are bridged, yet the revolution itself is only a leitmotiv in the lives of all the characters—rather representations—except Jai Singh and Lena, the young hero and heroine of ideals who are strongly attached one to another for a time, but, it turns out, only as passive symbols. Sad to tell, though they are favored with a hard row, and we find out a lot about them, it all brings with it a sense of being second-hand, perfunctory; they are often labored, never made pliant. It becomes increasingly apparent that the authentic Asian talent is uncomfortable in the detailed novel of direct effects, for characters fail to burgeon very conspicuously in their work in this genre; the alogical rhythm of the eastern atmosphere resists them.

Now the introspective revolutionary leader, such as Jai is, confronts any novelist with very special demand for a sort of empathy that is at a premium anywhere. He bears light kinship with Malraux's vitalist *homme engagé* and is the anti-type of the New Everyman, the anonymous man isolated in existentialist "angst." The spirit of tradition remains pregnant in him and he fights for equilibrium; for life, too, but not to liberate it from purpose. Moral equilibrium, as quest or reality, is the hardest thing to make dramatic, just because it is the most tense of struggles, the most tenuous of realities.

More or less, this is the form of Jai's personal friction; yet the revolutionary backdrop provides more active psychological interplay for the affluent, aging Dewan Ram Nath, a man trapped by his own scruples, too highminded for vision, who vaguely approves but assumes no overt role in the cause. He is the only achieved character in the story, being informed with the goodly share of the author's sensibility. The Dewan's sympathetic frustrations are the fulcrum—admittedly sometimes wobbly, giving toward self-travesty—for Mr. Lall's most eloquent statement of the two Indians. The Adampur palace, where this patriarch—the most unadjustable type in the new world—had sought to combine sensual and spiritual repose, and which had come to symbolize duration to him, is significantly his posthumous bequest to the revolutionary hero.

Since Sappho

THE UNICORN AND OTHER POEMS. By Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Pantheon. $2.75.

By BETTE RICHART

UNFORTUNATELY, these poems are not what we might have expected from the author of "Gift from the Sea." That little book was a credit to the best-seller list,

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in its way; its self-scrutiny, though certainly not tortuous, was authentic. "The Unicorn" merely reminds us that rhymed prose is not poetry, a truth so obvious that it is distressing to be forced to cite it.

It is perplexing that history has produced so many sincere, and so few serious, woman poets. The very word "poetess" evokes a special fatuity, has a flavor all its own; it illuminates one of the laughable aspects of the cultural history of the second sex. The brutal fact is that one cannot be a suffragette in the arts; it is a woman's grace to blur the edges of anguish, an artist's necessity to sharpen them, and seldom the twain shall meet.

I am wondering, in fact, whether they have met since Sappho, who began the distinguished tradition (finally put into words by Marianne Moore) of imaginary gardens with real toads in them. The trouble with Mrs. Lindbergh's garden is that her toads are all unicorns, and the stars in her sky are bon-bons. The same thing happened to Mrs. Browning most of the time, to Edna Millay too often, to Sara Teasdale always.

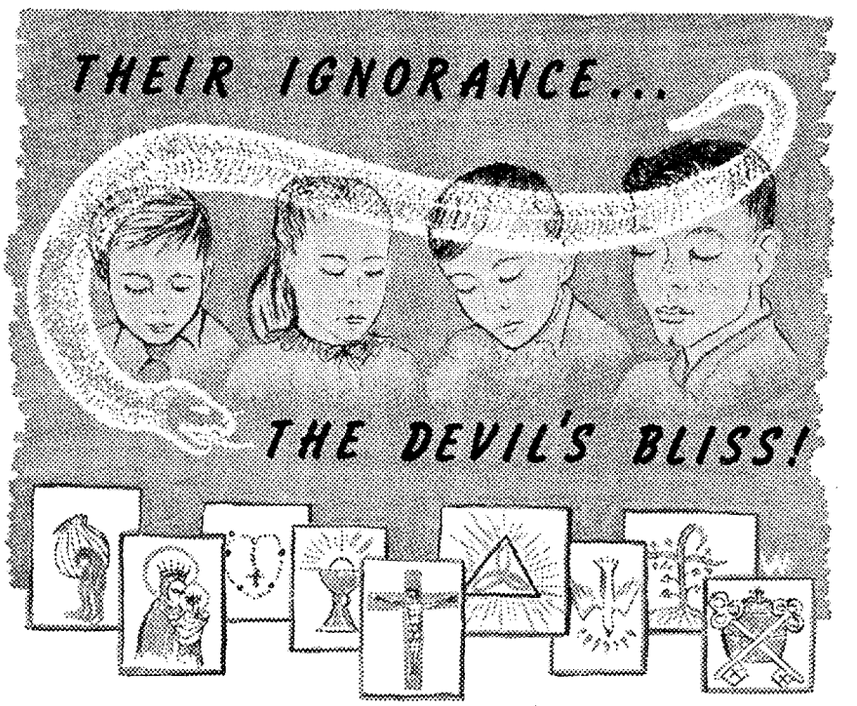
Why have there been no great woman poets? And so few even good ones? Is it because women are afraid of the glittery games of life, which ask everything and make so little return? Are we incapable alike of wit and tragedy? Mrs. Lindbergh's book reminds me how few women have injected the champagne of humor into their poems, as if they fear that being witty precluded being weighty; again, that exception who proves rules, Marianne Moore, comes to mind.

As for tragedy, even very gifted women are capable of cozily inviting Jacob's angel to tea. Psychologically speaking, this coziness of ours may be a virtue; artistically speaking, it is a crime. One can imagine Emily Dickinson, for instance, making quite an occasion of it, with jasmine tea and rose-petal jam, and it is exhilarating to imagine, first the bewilderment, and then the fury of the angel. Poets, of all people, must remain in awe of the holy presences, not come to terms with them, and I cannot think of a woman who has done so in the sense that, preeminently, Dylan Thomas and Robert Frost have.

We seem to have strayed far from Mrs. Lindbergh's book, but I am only trying to show that it is a product of a polite tradition of women writing for women. It is difficult to discuss lines like "Praise life, O man! While yet you can," or "It is the man in us who works . . . It is the child in us who plays." The book is full of such statements and such rhymes; where can they lead?

The title poem is the best, the unicorn of the tapestry in The Cloisters being its subject, and the theme of captivity freely chosen being spiritually inexhaustible. But poor unicorn! He is set to jingles ("Here sits the Unicorn/In captivity /Yet free") and would seem more at home in James Thurber's garden, where he was last immortalized.

It is bootless to require of one poet that he should be another; Dylan Thomas and Frost are both nature poets, both technical wizards, but certainly not similar. I do not ask Mrs. Lindbergh to be Marianne



Every young mind left in the darkness of ignorance about God must be a source of satisfaction to the devil. Most gravely in danger of this darkness —unless regular religious instruction is provided for them—are the minds of Catholic boys and girls attending public schools. The responsibility of opening their eyes to the light of the faith is ours!

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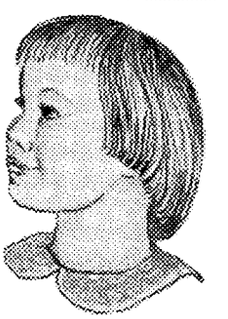

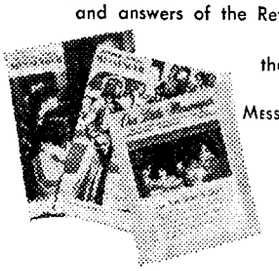

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Moore or Louise Bogan; I am only wondering why so many women write verse like hers instead of knitting a sweater or baking a cake. Such verse is a domestic, not a poetic, achievement. Poetry is not a lady-like accomplishment, like flower-arranging or china-painting, nor is it a proper hobby. But Mrs. Lindberg's audience will be female, and will not see poetry in this light.

The Pilgrim

THE NUN'S STORY. By Kathryn Hulme, Atlantic, Little, Brown. $4.00.

By PATRICIA DONEGAN

THE STORY of the purification of pride and the struggle against self in the service of religion is the theme treated by Kathryn Hulme in "The Nun's Story," and, although neither a particularly unusual nor original subject, it is handled with such directness, and such integration of character development with environment and experience, that the result is a powerful and compelling novel.

Gabrielle Van der Mal, a young Belgian girl, daughter of a well-known surgeon, enters a famous nursing order, and we follow her progress, step by step, from her days as a postulant through her novitiate as Sister Luke, training in tropical medicine, to a hospital in the Belgian Congo. Then, when it would seem her fidelity were certainly established, we witness a final testing in a hospital on the border of Holland in World War II.

Miss Hulme has an easy, flowing style which connects visual impressions and introspection with great ease, moving her central character along through each stage of development without bogging down in any one. She is like a painter with intense fidelity to detail, who focuses his light squarely on the main point of interest, so that each detail, while interesting in itself, relates to the central composition.

Certain descriptions of ritual, discipline and rules of the community during Sister Luke's novitiate days are particularly powerful, since they are necessarily felt by the lay reader with much of the same impact which impresses the young novice, severed such a short time from the world. Miss Hulme approaches these aspects of the religious life and the struggles within Sister Luke with a conspicuous lack of sentimentality.

Neither, however, is she afraid to describe Sister Luke's reactions, sometimes bordering on shock, to the disciplines imposed by the order, and her struggles to accept them. These struggles increase with the development of the story, and it is to the author's credit that as the character of Sister Luke matures, the conflicts deepen, and the action results directly from the struggle which exists in the character.

As Sister Luke's intelligence is tested, her pride asserts itself. As her training progresses and she becomes as much nurse as nun, the integration of the two is more difficult, and her own exacting conscience makes the struggle more intense. There is, for instance, the difficult choice offered to her in the School of Tropical Medicines, when, as a gift to God, she, the daughter of a doctor, is offered the temptation to fail an examination she can easily pass. There is also a terrible scene in the psychiatric hospital, where an almost fatuous pride nearly costs Sister Luke her life.

The scenes in the Belgian Congo, although full of incident, and, in one case, violence, are more tranquil from the point of view of Sister Luke, who has achieved a plateau of achievement, and with it, a degree of acceptance. Yet the reader still feels here that the conflict lies dormant, that there must be some final reckoning, some irrefutable humility. And this, again, is born out of the character herself; the uncompromising intelligence the author has created in the person of Sister Luke, has yet to meet its standard, and, when the test comes, it climaxes with an inevitable resolution.

Miss Hulme has written a fine book. She has created a character within a certain environment, the religious life. She has described, with great honesty, the problems involved in dealing with this environment from the point of view of one person, Sister Luke, and she carries through the resolution of these problems with sympathy, compassion and intensity.

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The People, Yes

BRANDEIS: A FREE MAN'S LIFE. By Alpheus Thomas Mason. Viking. $7.50.

By JOHN COURNOS

ON January 28, 1916, without consulting a single Senator, President Wilson appointed Louis D. Brandeis to succeed Joseph R. Lamar as an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. It was a bombshell. The New York *Sun* called the appointment "utterly and even ridiculously unfit." The Boston *Transcript* protested that Wilson should "attempt to force upon the Supreme Court one whom the Senate is reported to have been unwilling to confirm as a member

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of the cabinet." Even the moderate New York *Times* complained that Mr. Brandeis was "essentially a contender, a striver after changes and reforms," hence not a man to serve on the Supreme Court, which "by its very nature is the conservator of our institutions." Fifty-five Bostonians, with A. Lawrence Lowell, president of Harvard, near the top, published an imposing petition, asserting that, as a lawyer, Brandeis did not have "the confidence of the people." For ex-President Taft (who was to sit later with Brandeis as a friendly colleague in the Supreme Court), the appointment was "a fearful shock." He thought Brandeis "a muckraker, an emotionalist for his own purpose, a socialist. . . ." He conceded him to be "a man who has certain high ideals . . . of great tenacity of purpose and . . . of much power for evil . . . *es ist zu lachen.*"

There was a dramatic counterblast in the shape of an endorsement from Charles W. Eliot, Harvard's former president, who vouched for Brandeis' capacities and character, his honesty and sincerity, his desire for justice, his practical altruism and public spirit, his distinction as a student, and concluded with the statement that rejection by the Senate of his nomination to the Supreme Court "would be a grave mistake for the whole legal profession, the Court, all American business, and the country."

And so Taft's imprudent phrase, "It is to laugh," expressed in German for emphasis, assumes a singularly pertinent character. Looking backward, we may indeed laugh immoderately at the whole absurd episode, which dragged on for months before Brandeis' appointment was finally confirmed.

And what was Brandeis' particular crime that won such violent vituperation, inspiring active resistance on the part of those in his own profession? It was, we gather from this voluminous, well-documented biography, that while acting as a corporation lawyer, in which capacity he earned a sizable fortune, he did not forget his duty to the people, undertaking numerous cases to improve hours, pay and living conditions. He did this without remuneration, and won the honored name of "The People's Attorney." He fought monopoly, encouraged collective bargaining, which he insisted was essential to the survival of capitalism against the rising tide of socialism. He assumed that the interests of employer and employee were not necessarily hostile. He tried to protect the interests of the small businessman. He fought against "bigness." His chief point of departure from other lawyers, and the contributory cause of their opposition, was his principle that law could not be dissociated from social and human factors. Not even the Constitution, when he was a Justice, was so rigid a document as to exclude consideration of social changes and human needs consonant with the time. Brandeis seemed to have been possessed of the, to some, unorthodox notion that the Constitution was made for the people and not the people for the Constitution, that its spirit was more potent than its letter. Brandeis is a part of this country's history. This book, first published in 1946, is now reissued to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of his birth. It possesses a commendable freshness, and may be read today with enjoyment and profit.

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John P. Sisk, of the English faculty of Gonzaga University, has contributed to *America*, *Today*, *Thought*, The Commonweal and other journals.

William Dunlea, a free-lance writer, has appeared frequently in these pages.

Bette Richart, a Midwestern poet, reviews for this and other periodicals.

Patricia Donegan has contributed frequent reviews to The Commonweal.

John Cournos, Russian-born novelist and playwright, is the author of *The New Candide*, *The Devil is an English Gentleman*, and several collections of *Americana*.

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The Commonweal in '56

The end of the summer supplies a natural vantage point for looking both forward and back. A glance at the issues of the past eight months does disclose a great deal about the good reading that is typical of The Commonweal. Here, for instance, are some of the authors who have appeared in these pages in 1956:

Christopher Dawson
William J. Donovan
Graham Greene
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Robert C. Hartnett, S.J.
Harold C. Hinton
Robert M. Hutchins
Sam Hynes
John LaFarge, S.J.
Msgr. Luigi G. Ligutti
Donald McDonald
Francis E. McMahon
Thomas Molnar
Donat O'Donnell
J. F. Powers
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